



The Giving and Taking of Bytes (cont.)

wish I was Subject: twixt you and me Date: Thu, 30 Jan 2003 14:59:18
Hey. Nice email. Thanks. I am a bit out of it today, so mine will not be lengthy and will probably be continued at a later date. Knowledge is Power. rolling your own smokes is a good way to cut down, I think. I wish you strength in your cutting back/quitting. there are those cliché ideas. keep your hands/mouth busy. chew gum/carrot sticks. Carry around light weights all the time. Then you will be unable to smoke and you will be getting exercise. I have had a cold for like a week and a half, and have not had a cig in all that time. Really a record I have made for myself. I have not drunken any alcohol either in over a week now. Of course, I have cradled the peace pipe every night, and pretty much abstained from the normal social activities I have given myself to in the past. But, I am thinking that I will get out of this cold with it only lasting 2-3 weeks, my lungs and body feeling great from the lack of abuse, and then I can stay on a moderation schedule with the drinking and partying. I have already noticed that I have no qualms lately with just saying no to hanging out, and getting some sleep for work the next day. Am I growing up or getting old? I am happily thinking the former. I love the Delgados. I have their album called The Eastern, or something like that, and it is great. I hope you have fun at the show, and the other shows that you will be going to. Love to you OGryssa. I think as soon as we admit that it is ok to "lose it" then we can remain open to what may take its (no apostrophy in "its" unless it is a conjunction - "it is") place. I suppose you can't just quit school, because someone else is paying for it. You could talk to Lucy's Dad and ask what he thinks about you quitting, and then you could quit. But, I suppose you should stick it out. It's Fashion school right? it can't be that hard. delirious, Tate

I really Tried the act of fashion school isn't that hard, it's the being there, wasting time, that sucks. this is hard. i feel so sad. i like you Tate, i love your ability to be yourself and just respond. god dam it i miss booneenie, i want him here. i have such a healthy or overly sexual appetite and goddam it, it is hard. i drank tonight. there are boys around that give me their numbers. sometimes i call them. i then make that sweet confession of love for another. another in states far away. it is fucking ridiculous; the expectations between male and female. can i ask you if you ever met a woman full of something you adored. say her boy was miles away and she was in love with him. would you find yourself hanging out with her or would you keep away? why can't they just be friends. i have a hard time, wanting to please. sometimes it takes me longer that it should, i guess, to make this confession of love. goddam it, they gave me their #'s...they buy me a drink and hey i love love someone else. i am scared that they will run. i need some friends or i am going to slide down this black one. huh. whats your number where you are now?hb

wish I was Subject: if you can't be with the one you love, Honey, Love the one you're with! Date: Fri, 31 Jan 2003 09:40:31 MotherFuck Fuck!! I had this huge email I was typing to you, I had been typing for like 20 minutes, and then my computer just up and shut the fuck off, and I lost the whole fucking thing! Fuck! so, what I can remember: The Questions: Is Booneenie Waiting for you? Where is that package you said you were going to send to me? and then I went on to say that I need some good mail, and then a sidenote about how I hope the mailman actually gets it to me because he sometimes gives my mail to my downstairs neighbor, who has his mailbox in the front of the house, where my mine is in the back of the house. And then I spoke of how I have signs all over the place telling the mailman to put my mail in the back of the house, and when he gets there, to put the flap down on my box, or else my mail gets wet. signs for the mailman. I would try to be friends (no matter how attracted I am) with anyone who I thought I actually had something in common with. I try to be friends with everyone, but when it comes down to it, I only call the people that I have something in common with, you know? so, if I were to approach someone that I was attracted to sexually, whether or not we seemed to have anything in common, and it turns out that she is not interested in Sex, and we might not have much in common (after giving it the old college try), I wouldn't feel bad about just not trying any more to maintain a friendship at that point. I only have so much energy. If you can bring yourself to do it (and maybe it will take a conversation with Booneenie), you could find a nice boy and have some no strings attached nice sex to solve your lack-of-vagina-juice-flow (I like writing vulgar and shocking things) problem. With the guys and the phone numbers, you could tell them that you are devoted to this other guy (kudos, by the way, for telling guys right out instead of leading them on and playing games...if your intention is not to be romantic with them, and that's what you think they want), but then immediately steer things into a fun friendship direction. Ask them if they want to go on a walk and talk, or play chess or something. Give the guys a reason to want to be your friend. Because I can tell you that I know plenty of guys that would say "I have enough friends" in any picking up on girls type of situation, and they need a slap in the face to see things any other way...present company (me) included. of course, I try. Shit OGryssa. I wish my other email wasn't deleted. I mean, I don't mind writing and writing and then sending it in an email for someone to read (even if the words elicit zero reaction, or the reader doesn't care), but I hate it when the words just get erased and I have to start all over again. Words in the wind. Will my words be waiting for me in Heaven? if I haven't told you, go to <http://undietacos.nokilli.com>, click on articles/reviews, and go to my poem "she looks and then looks away". the title of the page you wrote in my book that one crazy night oh so long ago when you and I briefly shared a bed. I like the title, so made that poem, and I had you in mind as the smoking girl character. See, you are a Muse! You knew that. I know you were/are Booneenie's muse. My question again: Is Booneenie waiting for you, etc.? it seems silly to wait for him if he is not waiting for you. If you will permit me to say so. Tootles. Stay Strong.

I really Tried

hey babe, my inbox shows that i wrote your smart ass last and you still haven't responded. this is a sad sign you see because you are a fast responder. in times of loneliness a fast responder is of great value to the respondee. how the hell are you anyway? did you go to the demonstration at the the capital on saturday. here in london, i went to ours, along with around 2 million others. it was sweet. maybe i will get off my ass one of these days and send you some goddam pictures of what it looked like out there. i suffered body aches and sleepiness all my sunday. it sort of stank a bit but the demonstration was definitely worth it. i just love my sundays so i sort of try to look after them a bit, let them know they mean something to me. i did not have the energy to do that yesterday. so my swedish friend andre (talks a bit too much and stays a bit too long) is on his way over here to take me for a jog...whoohoooo. i need some shapiness up in here and so hopefully this will be the start of a habit. the first time always seems to be the worst. its a move to be made and once it is made once the second comes a lot more sweetly. anyways. what did you, Tate, do for valentines? no sweetpea action? i hope you got some. booneenie did the funniest thing for me the other day. the boy is soo shy, i can't believe i asked, and even moreso that he accepted. i like how simply he cares. lucy and i decided that we needed vibrators. we decided that our boyfriends back home should get them for us. we set up a meeting of the men at capital garage on valentines at 7:00, both showed and then went to goldies together. can you imagine? two shyish boys in goldies together on valentines buying vibrators? booneenie has the both of them in his care, he will be sending them to us via post. oh what a happy day. lucy and i both in the bedrooms. so write me chum.

wish I was

Subject: one Jolt later

Date: Mon, 17 Feb 2003 16:01:03

Sweets! Hi. sorry on the no response. Work has been worky. this weekend has been full. I went to Humboldt (with SM and KP, to visit LW, whom you may also know) and, of course, fell in love once again. It's amazing to me how one place could be so soothing and beautiful. I would love to live there. I could. hmmm. No honies for me. luckily, I have enough Me things to keep my mind busy enough to not dwell on my intrinsic horniness and lust for love. I went to bed early on V-Day to make the early morning journey from Sac to Humboldt. I have played a few open mics recently and plan to play more and more, all the while striving to build a band and, for once, do something with the gifts I have been given. I am happy. I am glad that you are happy, even if you don't feel that way. Happiness often puts on ceramic masks and flicks your ears teasingly. I got in at 5 this morning, after a Humboldt weekend of booze and Psilocybin nibbles, and then didn't sleep all I needed, so I am having a hard time feeling motivated, and concentrating on detailed sentence structures....so requisite apologies for things that you can't even see. (a paragraph in the form of a sentence to get my demons out) I am glad that you are keeping up relations with the Scandinavians....we get a bad rap sometimes. send me what you will, but know that it will make my day when I get it. I think you and Booneenie make a good team, so I am glad that you guys do that thing you do. Even if it means one more couple and two less potentially impassioned individuals in the world. I joke because I am tired. still waiting for a British Titty Paper

Drink-Drink-Drunk.

an idle evening toward the end of the month

This time, I was on my bike, riding from work, to home. The day had been slightly stressful, and the weather was, well...let's just say Hot as Fuck. I was really looking forward to getting home, cranking up the old window box of an A/C that I had, and maybe eating a burrito. as I thought more about the burrito that I had waiting for me, I kept thinking of all the ways I could choose to prepare it. I knew that I had moved my luscious cheese filled tortilla sack from its home in the freezer, to my refrigerator, for the sake of the Great Thaw. I knew I had an oven. I could bake it all way, just leave it in the heat, until the cheese was oozing from the seams. I could bake it partway, and then fry it the rest of the way, but then I remembered that it would be thawed and the heating process didn't need to consist of such complex activities. I decided to fry it up. mmmm. a little olive oil in the pan. fry it. crispy crunchy tortilla. mmm. I needed some sour cream. So, as I was still on my bike, and near to the Rite-Aid (at this point, I debated on Safeway Vs. Rite Aid, knowing that both had sour cream, and since I wasn't particular as to what type, I opted for the latter, less crowded Rite Aid. I also had my bike, sans bike lock, so I knew that Rite Aid would let me bring my bike inside the door for a hot...or, really, more so, cool- minute, but I digress).....

I headed toward the store. Then, as I was nearing, I realized "I have no money". I even said it aloud to myself, in a deliberately sad tone,

"I have no money".

I put my head down, and kept on riding.

California Penal Code

404 6. (a) Every person who with the intent to cause a riot does an act or engages in conduct that urges a riot, or urges others to commit acts of force or violence, or the burning or destroying of property, and at a time and place and under circumstances that produce a clear and present and immediate danger of acts of force or violence or the burning or destroying of property, is guilty of incitement to riot.

(b) Incitement to riot is punishable by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars (\$1,000), or by imprisonment in a county jail not exceeding one year, or by both that fine and imprisonment.

(c) Every person who incites any riot in the state prison or a county jail that results in serious bodily injury, shall be punished by either imprisonment in a county jail for not more than one year, or imprisonment in the state prison.

(d) The existence of any fact that would bring a person under subdivision (c) shall be alleged in the complaint, information, or indictment and either admitted by the defendant in open court, or found to be true by the jury trying the issue of guilt, by the court where guilt is established by a plea of guilty or nolo contendere, or by trial by the court sitting without a jury.

"Hey! get off of that guy, you fucking pig! leave him alone!.....Hey man, let's go help that guy..."

405. Every person who participates in any riot is punishable by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or by imprisonment in a county jail not exceeding one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

"Back away boys...this is police business". "No sir officer. that man did nothing wrong. He was just watching that car accident with the rest of us, and it made him a little upset"

"Yeaarrggg *hickup* so whah if I'n-a lil' drunk..."

"back away boys, I'm taking this guy to the station to sober up"

405a. The taking by means of a riot of any person from the lawful custody of any peace officer is a lynching.

"No!" (frantic grabbing of old drunken men, a gun being drawn, multiple punches)

"Come on buddy, let's go!" "thanks guys * hickup * I shrassafffffrrrrr...."

"FREEZE! lay on the ground, all three of you!"

(off-stage) "Hey, why don't you leave those guys alone, you fucking cop!"

405b. Every person who participates in any lynching is punishable by imprisonment in the state prison for two, three or four years.

(someone comes up behind the officer, whose gun is drawn and pointed at the three helpless men. he renders his gun arm immobile, and then a few more people join in to put the officer on the ground...not to hurt him, but just to stifle what they assume could turn into an abuse of power)

406. Whenever two or more persons, assembled and acting together, make any attempt or advance toward the commission of an act which would be a riot if actually committed, such assembly is a rout.

(someone has called the police and sirens are heard in the distance)

407. Whenever two or more persons assemble together to do an unlawful act, or do a lawful act in a violent, boisterous, or tumultuous manner, such assembly is an unlawful assembly.

(the thought of looting does not cross one person's mind)

408. Every person who participates in any rout or unlawful assembly is guilty of a misdemeanor.

"Let's get the fuck out of here."

409. Every person remaining present at the place of any riot, rout, or unlawful assembly, after the same has been lawfully warned to disperse, except public officers and persons assisting them in attempting to disperse the same, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

**Creep slight hindsight, the time has come again
to talk of rings and magic things and old forgotten friends**

fetish

He liked the way that hair smelled. His name was Bill and he had no hair himself. Even when he did have hair, he would shave it; first with the clippers, and then with a straight edge. I am even going to go so far as to call it a hair fetish, this "thing" that Bill had. This preoccupation. It was a preoccupation with banality, in terms of hair. You know that smell of some hair that is very perfumie...that really nice intoxicating smell of mostly girls' hair that just takes you straight from headtop to apple orchard....he didn't really like that smell. No, he more so liked the more natural smell of hair. The one where the smeller could still smell the "humanity" of the smellee. it was usually so much shampoo mixed with the smell of natural hair oils. that was the standard smell that he liked. And the more oily the smell, the better. Bill liked to smell hair, but only hair that smelled like hair, if you get my meaning. So. What it was with Bill and this hair thing was mostly the way that he would greet you. He was very normal and really quite charming, and would greet someone in the normal way. "Hi, I'm Bill" shake shake "nice to meet you. wow, you have nice hair". and then Bill would usually touch the hair a bit. This usually got him the label of "gay" by some of the guys that he did this too, but usually it was the same guys that also think that hugs are gay, so it never really bothered...anybody really. So, after Bill would touch your hair and the conversation would maybe move to something else, Bill would always smell his fingers. Ohhh, how those sweet human oils keep on a man's fingers. Some nice oily hair would usually keep Bill's fingers fragrant for half a day. these undercover smell indulgences would keep Bill's obsession at bay most of the time, but the Bill would still have to act out every now and again.

The Hug. Whenever possible, Bill would initiate embrace. He loved people and his hugs were always pure and healing in nature...but there was also always a small hidden motive. Bill wanted to get his nose in the hair. to sniff the follicles. To snort the dew. He wouldn't make any of those telltale smelling sounds that often accompany the smelling of things. He would just take a deep breath through his nostrils. This made being hugged by him quite a relaxing experience, because, for a brief moment, all you could think about was deep breaths and oxygen and life cycles and body rhythms.

Bill never really asked anyone outright if he could just smell their hair. Maybe all of the excitement for him was that no one knew. a dime sized spot of none too smelly shampoo.

As he lay dying, clutching the mouse in his hand

" i m sorry but you were just to slow"

dennis:

i got your joke. but what remains unclear to me is which is funnier: st. avalanche playing more times in one month than they have in the last two years...or me playing more shows in one week than st. avalanche has played ever. i will now make my joke more unfunny by illuminating the point that no person should play that many times in one week in sacramento because that is unfunny to the point where it goes past being funny and right back to unfunny again, in fact unfunnier than it was to begin with. i think that means your joke was funnier, that is until you tried to explain it. so maybe the unfunniness of my joke is less unfunny than when you screwed up your joke, but my joke is more unfunny now because i explained my joke too. we're fucked.

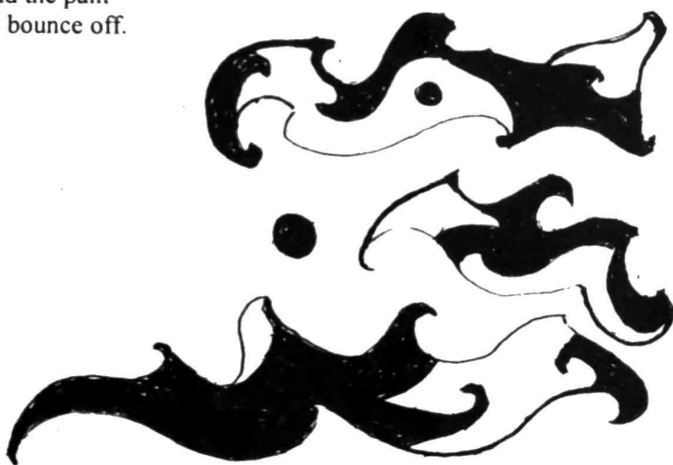
lee majors

nondescript

I wake up still dreaming, and the visions, endless streaming
sunlight real and gleaming, anointing my skin
eardrums adjusting, kitties thrusting
while the jazz of the wind chimes for people to come
while the refrigerator is running fiercely from him
they...the leaves are rustling and my thoughts are turning
while the cats are whining and their stomachs digesting
the food that should satisfy were they not so fat
and I think of getting another cat
while the upstairs neighbors use up all the hot water
and the neighbor next door checks the mail and I forget
the thing that I wanted to remember to do today
and the sun (which has risen but not too high) goes unnoticed
and shines like my confusion starting to bend to resemble
the flow of consciousness needed to produce.
I put on my sneakers and lock the lock in the door
and leave the refrigerator running and the cats eating and
move
to the store to buy a small bottle of apple juice for
the 42nd day in a row.

Thick and thoroughly
encompassing.
I surrounded
by the warm padding
of the high.

Just enough pad
for the loss
and the pain
to bounce off.



One day fades evenly into the other, as if outlined with smearless paint.
When you grow old, one could say that it becomes increasingly harder to become excited about your life. That excitement about life that separates banal awareness from ecstatic passion. You have less energy, at all levels. Your body must work harder just to work, and the energy gets all used up. You tend to ask yourself, "if I have no extra energy leftover for me to enjoy what is left of my life...then what, pray tell, is the point of living the rest of my life?" Just to live?....to smile?....to share?....to die in true natural style?
Perhaps to remember the rest of what I forgot long ago. To relive my memories until they fade.
I was young once. I loved endlessly and jumped off of cliffs and ate metal and poison.
I was once merely a quarter of a century old.

I've noticed that you seem to always run into the same types of people. Or more appropriately, you always seem to spend time with the same types of people. The people who have nothing better to do.

broken windows and oike rides can replace alot but regression
only works well with it s side effects



Anger. Confusion.

Last night I had a dream that I killed people. Coldly. Something happened (it's all quite fuzzy now) and me and someone else perhaps were running down the street...trying to get away or something. We come upon a car on this street. I think it is a car that we recognize and survey as "safe". So we hop in and tell the driver to go. "come on, Go!!!" we/I shouted. So I, being in the back seat, leaned forward and saw that this driver had his head pressed into the steering wheel in a quite unnatural fashion.....as though he were dead or unconscious or something. Scared, I leave the car and another car comes up at that moment. I feared that these people would either accuse me of killing this dead driver, or they were the people pursuing me. What I know is that this fear soon died when I handled my gun. The one I know not where it came from.

I raised it and took aim. I think I dreamt of shooting 4 people. Aimed and shot. I felt (in my dream) that I was doing the wrong thing, but really didn't care, and certainly didn't attach the kind of remorse that murder demands. It seemed as though it didn't matter who these people were. I just shot, almost out of anger. Then I ran, and my dream wasn't so much visual but internal involving my worry about getting caught. Should I cut them up and bury them? Is this a dream, or did I just fuck my life up something awful?

The weird thing is that normally when my dreams turn to nightmares, I usually wake in panic and see that everything is fine. This didn't happen. I stayed dreaming. Only after the dream had passed and I think I was on to another, did I wake. Realizing I was not a murderer in a society which hangs, I was relieved.....but my day, today, is weird. Depressed, detached, wondering if I really care as much as I should. I think I need to talk to somebody. Have some contact. Maybe I really just need a new job where I don't spend all Saturday in front of a computer waiting for the occasional phone call from someone who really doesn't need my help anyway.

Flailing hellos.

The yellow retard bus rolls on by me like a ghost train. Little arms hung and flailing out of the window, waving.....but not at me. The wake and resounding air pressure from the passing behemoth hit me hot and good.....yet it were as if I were not there. This seems to be the case when one is instantly pitted against a body (man or machine) and is forced to compare and contrast. Contrast is deliberate absenteeism. Tea to compare. I think they were waving at the sunshine.

So the bus glides up fluidly toward the curb.....looking as though it were going to scrape....and smoothly stopping as the doors opened. My brother Jimmy is home from school. I see no other parents and I don't want to embarrass jimmy by taking center stage, yet I walk over anyway, lined up with the open bus door. The driver looks over and nods. I continue smiling and wave. I see two boys (I don't know really if they are boys or girls, but with kids it doesn't matter) rise in their seats towards the back of the bus and head towards the front amidst the tired head bobbing and apparent noise, which I hear wafting from the open shutter doors. One is Jimmy and one jimmy's good enough for me.

"hey Jim, what's up" I say in a silly, big brother tone of voice as I bring my body to a shorter position that, I think, Jimmy can relate to.

"ohhh, hey...uh hey Tate, can we get some food at a restaurant?"

"uhhhh.....food.....AAHHAHHHH FOOD!!!!!!.....AAAAARRRRGGGHHHH." I jokingly say as I fall to the ground in a funny fecund fit....jim chuckles...I get up and we go to the restaurant.

Pizza and Pipes. This sumptuous backlog of old video arcade games. Still working and still disappointing. personally disappointing because I suck. The smells of cheeses. Glasses half full of soda in a variety of colors, glistening and gleaming beneath the fluorescent lighting. Balloons holding children hostage with their floating heads and superhuman powers.

"hey dean, sooo....whats up with the pizza, dude? What are you gonna get me?" Jimmy whines.

"oh really jim, so what do I get in return? You gonna clean my room and do my chores or what?"

"What? I ain't doin' nothin' til I get my food. I'm STAAAARRVING!!!"

"I'm just pullin' your leg jim, mom gave me money for food." I say, not eluding to what mom really said to me just a half an hour before.

Arms flailing, glass shattering, a slap in the face. Drunk again. Ever since dad died mom has been living with Jim Beam and Johnny Walker, those bastards. No more Sunday picnics or Wednesday night breakfast cookoffs. I miss those days. Jimmy, on the other hand knows something is different but is still too young to understand. Someday he will know. But for now, Jim has everyone's love.

"you stupid piece of shit!!!" slurred mom from bloodshot eyes weeping tears of confusion.

"Fuck you, you drunk bitch!!!!.....how could you forget that you promised Jim that we would go to Grandma's house??!!.....jeeeezzz, mom," I said with shameful insinuations, like a mother talking to her flaky son who just fucked up one too many times. In all reality, we could still have all gone to grandma's house.....Mom drunk, me driving, Jim wondering.....wondering why mom is so different when she's drunk. He knows.....he knows a lot.....and I think a drunk mom is a good reason for Jim not to drink when it comes to that point in his life. What a cool guy, that Jimmy.

"what'll it be sucka?!!" says my buddy, Tim Dog, as we all call him. He leans over the counter with a smile and winks at Jim standing next to me. "what's up Jim." He says to my Bro. I love the fact that my friends regard Jim in the matter that they do. Just like they are his brothers too.....heck, friends even. It probably helps a bit that Jim is as cool as he is.

"Nothing much Timmy.....just chilling like villians." Says Jim in a retarded accent. It's the only one he knows (except for the German scientist, who annoyingly only says 'very interesting').....but he knows it well.

Let me just stop for a minute, not that you care.....or can do anything about it.....but I am going to stop here and leave the frying cheeses and dingy video bells soaring through Jim's ear canals, where they are.....and give you a little insight into Tim Dog. Born, actually Rufus Timothy Dalmatto (so "TimDog" is not much of a stretch), he will never, has never ever, and won't ever never....hug anybody, anywhere, for no matter what reason. Not even his parents. His parents hug. I have hugged his parents. His parents must have hugged him.....when he was young, but Tim says that as soon as he knew what was happening, and that he was somewhat forced to "hug grandma goodbye".....or "go give so and so a hug", he has refused. His rationale:

While studying the ancient Xintao tribe of eastern Malaysia he became an enlightened man. The teachings of the Xintao described seven spirits and their value to the earth and the soul. Timdog became enthralled with these teachings and spent many months studying and immersing himself in the ways of the Xintao. What he learned was that hugging (or tongzi as the Xintao called it) was a way of sharing spirits. This sharing of spirits were reserved for those who were highly enlightened or for the high priests of xintao. If spirits are shared before one is enlightened then a battle within the soul would occur and the spirits would fight against each other for control over the beings involved.

The last person TimDog had embraced was his grandfather. An hour later, he, Tim's Grandfather, had a massive stroke and fell down some stairs. Tim felt that it was entirely his fault. He never finished the teachings and he feels as though he had never become fully enlightened. His grandfather died 3 years ago and ever since that day TimDog refuses to hug anyone. Lucky for us though, Tim Dog gives the greatest handshakes.

"ORDER UP!" Tim yells to the back. "I'll bring your food out to you guys when its up."

"Thanks Tim Dog" as I give him a firm punch in the shoulder.

While walking back to our booth I notice a car pull up, a beat up rust colored 1980 something Honda accord, just like the one my ex-girlfriend used to have.

Do you remember the first time you made love to somebody? Not just had sex now.....because I'm sure half the population had some youthful, awkwardly weird sexual experience that could technically be considered a loss of virginity, but held the emotional weight of say.....a popsicle on a hot summer day. I'm talking about an encounter that not only made you feel empowered and vibrant, but also completely in tune with how beautiful things can really be. I felt this in the back of my ex's honda accord.....which was the very one I was staring at. Her name was Mimi....her hair was blonde, her smell was perfect, her eyes were confidently shy, and her body was kickin'!!!! We were both 15, and when we were together, we were everything about each other's worlds. We were one.....completely comfortable. Completely adult. We talked of running away (do adults run away?) to somewhere and getting jobs and living alone together. She was a creature the likes of which I doubt I will ever know again. And her car carried a little of that feeling.

Memories.....all flooding back. Sitting on the trunk.....

EX CHEEZ

A few words on the subject of trust: trust is trusting. It only succumbs and disintegrates to the likes of the trust worthy. If trust were an indecisive drunk man, he would be the drunk man that I got drunk. If solitude were the red ribbon that everybody wears on drug awareness day, then trust is the shrug of the blind man who has no need for drugs.....as he sheepishly shrugs. If late night forgiveness were plastic grocery bags, then I would be the naked man on top of the 24 hour safeway on Alhambra and that guys red teeth. If red teeth were a sign of impotency, then Guchi bags would fall from the skies at mister potter's first sign of denture dependence.

"I love you honey and you need dentures. Your breath has gotten so rotten that even chiclets don't take away from the gum rotting stench"

"I realize that honey and honey is my scapegoat, you'd realize that if you weren't such a wench"

"I'm leaving you and I'm taking the wrench."

But I digress.

Digression seems necessary as the winter winds take my muse.

"Out the door with huey lewis and the news."

The humble thoughts that I think, me on the brink of mental collapse, seem to edge to something more linear, more greg kinnear (to take reference from mediocre and midnight naps), towards pinball and batman and ice cube craps. Something more simple I perhaps...

Momma and bedtime and potato burlap:

Round about six a clock on any given weekday morning (when kids are present and the floods have subsided),

I am happily in 14 year old dream land of michelle Wow and how, possibly how?!

In comes momma, with her revelry pajama, talking bout' waking and waking right now.

No jumbles. No shakes, she wakes thus: POW:

"SCHOOL DAYS, SCHOOL DAYS. GOOD OLD FASHION RULE DAYS. READING AND WRITING AND RITHMATIC...."

That's where she stops and my dreams stop sick.

And If she really feels like a prick. She'll start with these words that will always stick:

"It's time to get up It's time to get up It's time to get up in the morning."

....emphasis on "time" with little to no warning.

180 pound impression on the side of my bed, and three seconds later my dreamland is dead.

"alright Ma" I blindly say as youthful thoughts flourish towards the introduced day.

I am Me. Not so much because I want to be, but more because I have to be. I am not an angel. I don't even know if God exists. I do believe in the power of the human spirit and the "force" that holds all of this stuff together. That thing that taps you on the head when you're feeling good and gives you the idea that all of us, in some way, are connected. No man is an island, entire of himself. I see the moment and it makes sense that this is what I should put my greatest energy into. It's there, it's real. It's everything I want to be.

Long ago, in a town close by, a moment presented itself. It wasn't candy coated, as some moments are, but instead, very true. Very real. It leapt from the what-could-be to the show-yourself-now stage very quickly and with great disregard for everyone involved...which happened to only be me and this lady. This homeless Lady was crossing the street up ahead of me, going in the opposite direction from the one I was walking. I was on the sidewalk, parallel to the street, and minding my own business. She ascended the curb and lined herself up with me, coming rights towards me....and whistling. She was not scared. She was not delusional. She saw me and saw that I saw her, and for a moment, this scared me. But I gave myself a brief Pep talk and let those arms dangle. Swing. 15 feet. I ceased my random darting of the eyes and closed in on the presence of her. She looked up and ahead and let her eyes saunter over to mine. 10 feet and words. "Hello," I said with friendly tones. "hello" she said smiling. We smiled and looked and past each other as casually as one would imagine. She made the rest of my day.

When the Saints go on Strike, who'll be marching in?

I walked home with my eyes closed
the cracks in the sidewalk like Braille against my toes
Each tree leaf was melody floating from up on high
from the great arches
La Luna was swallowed by storm clouds whole
encompassed by stars like rain on a window pane
Street lights flickered with midnight traffic air
and I wanted to kiss the face of every passerby



**Monkey seen rambling, visitors beware
He leaps at the lungs and not at the hair
Grasping for nipples he hopes to find there**

Stopwatch

He rises like the tide
to idle like the moon
neither coming nor going
but always on the run
the roses lose their petals
and wither in the sun

two cats poised

At the end of the day
when all work is complete
I work more
dishes
cleansed like souls, whistling while they work
silence
comforting silence of noise not my own
given like daybreak to those that listen

She Looks And Then Looks Away
demurely, like the moon, she extracts fire
and leaf from the satchel she owns.
ownership assumed
observation resumed
she flips, sets, flicks and coils
ready to unleash furious smoke prayers on
the unsuspecting Gods
I wonder if she knows
she looks
I wonder if she cares
and then looks away
she goes
I stay



THE PARKING LOT IS FULL

by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

<http://www.plif.com>



Stripped of his powers following the collapse of Ancient Egypt, former God of Death Anubis is reduced to begging for Beef Treats. (And if you think *that's* funny, wait and see what fate has in store for *your* god.)

Floaters and Flashes

Floaters are spots, specks, and lines that "float" across your field of vision. They are caused by stray cells or strands of tissue that float in the vitreous humor, the gel-like substance that fills the eyeball. Floaters can be annoying, but are not usually serious. However, if you see floaters or flashes of light for the first time, call your eye doctor or family doctor. If you have had floaters for some time, or if you have occasional flashes, mention it at your next routine eye exam.

Three words on regret: Aint Done Yet

American Spirit, Yellow Pack

A man of 23, asked to compare the new world to the old.
Visions endless, pop and circle, of public land and the
independent children that inhabit this place.

Pop Culture Stew

In a melting pot

Freedom to dig oneself a hole too big to crawl out of, perpetuating the spirit to fly

Like

birds

Like a shaman dancing the demons away, uninhibited....spiritually inhabited

Like

trees

Possessing the ability to admit I am lost, I truly never am.

Always near water

More fluid than frozen

More animal than God

Embraced by instinct

Sharing our cubby holes with those that came before.

Oily in America

repairs of the opus that lost all it's teeth, from smoke signals lifted in valleys too deep.
Revel in regalia that questions your whole, but question which pieces your tailorman stole.
Tailorman stole the button and clasp, to water the mongoose and dress up the asp.
But questioned which swatches to dress up the room,
so mongoose and snakeskin wouldn't clash with the moon.
do pinstripe the moonlight.

LEFTOVER CHEESE

CHEESE FONDUE

- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- ½ cup grated cheese
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 3 eggs, separated

Scald milk in double boiler; add crumbs, cheese, butter and seasonings. Stir in unbeaten egg yolks. Beat egg whites stiff and fold into mixture. Pour into greased baking dish, set in pan of hot water and bake in moderately slow oven (325° F.) 30 to 45 minutes, or until firm. Serves 6.

MASHED POTATOES AU GRATIN

- 3 tablespoons fat
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- 2 eggs
- 6 cooked potatoes, riced
- ¼ cup grated cheese
- ½ cup buttered crumbs

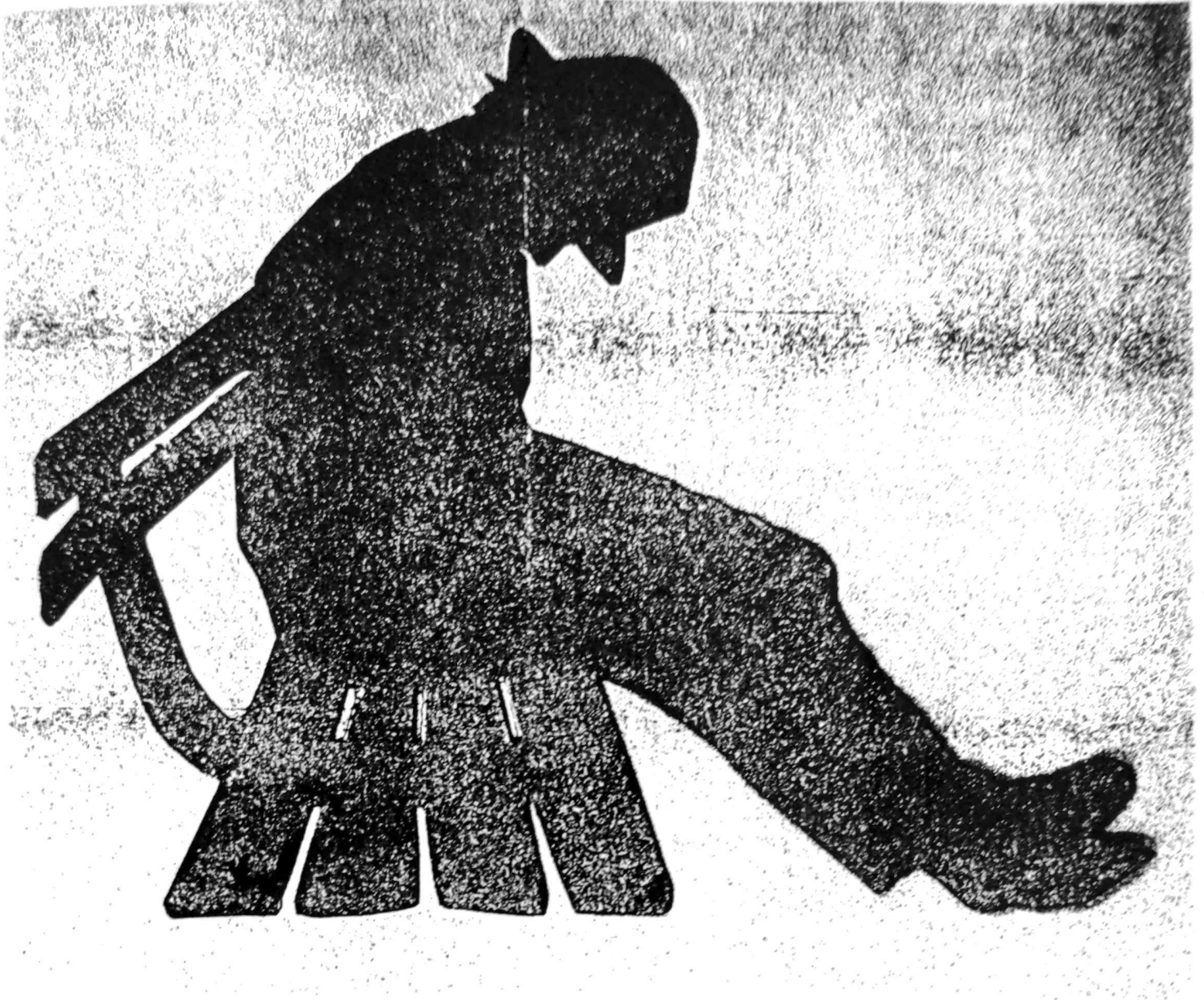
Add fat, seasonings and eggs to hot riced potatoes. Beat until light and arrange in greased baking dish. Cover with cheese and crumbs. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 10 minutes, or until crumbs are browned. Serves 6.

SALMON À LA MOR- NAY

- 4 cooked potatoes
- ½ cup grated Swiss cheese
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 cup medium white sauce
- 2 cups flaked canned salmon
- Buttered crumbs

Mash potatoes and line greased baking dish with them. Add cheese and egg yolk to the white sauce and pour ½ of it over potatoes. Add fish and cover with remaining sauce and buttered bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 20 minutes. Serves 6.

with undetermined range



like the wooded creatures that love the place where they sleep.



Who Are You?

Number of Players: 5-12

Length of Time: 30-90 minutes

Object of the Game: To communicate or guess who the famous person is.

To Play:

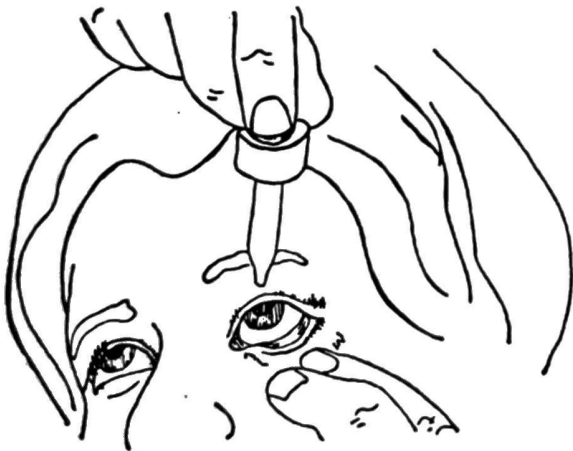
One player leaves the room while others decide on a famous person that the player will "be" when he returns. They also decide on a situation to dramatize in order to help the player guess who he is (e.g., if the player is to be Lafayette, they could enact a general staff meeting and advise him on his next battle).

When the player who left the room comes back, the rest of the players enact the situation they planned, relating to the player as if he were the famous person. They continue until the player guesses who he is.

The procedure is repeated with the other players.

Purpose or Benefit

Participants are encouraged to interact and be creative.



Inserting eyedrops

Apparent Variable contrast associated with visual Tittyskin?

In the case of the period (.) being a symbol marking the point when we, the writer, want you, the reader to stop your thought sway and prepare yourself to "switch gears" as it were, when next you are sufficiently stimulated. Like a very persuasive series of perfectly symmetrical and anonymous commercials between literal sitcoms.

Period Wranglers International (PWI): Baluccia in Bloom; Erica Bready; Nyssa Capps;
Dean Haakenson; Eric Hickox; Joey Kashuba; Greg Kucera; John Pritchard;
Alyssa Rasmussen

All opinions, expressed or inferred, are just that; Opinions...thrust from the author's hold, to survive for as long as they can. Love them or leave them, but please, do not dwell.

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Be Brave Bold Robot, June 2003 Issue 5

Please Email Me Before I Cry

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